

Richmond Times-Dispatch

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A WORTH-WHILE GIFT—You can make your friends happy every day in the year by sending them a subscription to THE RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH



Free Lunches at the Schools

THAT is an interesting experiment which has been tried at the Jefferson School, with every indication so far that it has justified completely the expectations of its sponsors. Hot lunches have been furnished to the pupils free of charge, and the health officer who is supervising the work and its results sees already a substantial improvement in mental and physical vigor.

Just how far the arm of the city or State government should be extended in aiding the youth of the land to obtain the rudiments of an education, whether it should reach the point of supplying a midday meal, is perhaps a question, but it has been decided in the affirmative in other municipalities. Obviously, public responsibility is increased when school attendance is made compulsory.

The School Board has sanctioned the experiment now being conducted, but it has not supplied any of the funds. If a final analysis of results demonstrates the wisdom and beneficence of the plan, it might prove possible for the board to give it a little more than moral support.

A Russian Casablanca

A DISPATCH in the London Morning Post contains news belonging to the enormous class of "interesting if true." It recounts that an unnamed Russian soldier was assigned to sentry duty by an officer who was killed a short time afterwards. As the rule of the Russian army is that a sentinel can only be relieved from duty by the officer who posted him or by the czar, this Muscovite edition of Spanish Casablanca refused to be relieved for six heroic days, at the end of which period a telegram came from his Emperor, taking him off the burning deck, that is to say, the frozen ground.

This story may be true. Fifty years ago one would want it to be true, as indicating devotion to duty. In these analytical days, however, it is only the unsophisticated who would see anything in the episode except a wooden subjection to circumstances. Under like conditions an American soldier would accept relief as soon as relief arrived. He would realize that if he remained on watch too long he would inevitably fall asleep, or at best into that comatose condition between sleeping and waking, when a man is quite useless as a sentry. "Faithful unto death" is doubtless high praise both in peace and war. But "Faithful unto stupidity" is not.

Boy Scouts, Bonfires and Barrels

IT ought to be hoped that the Boy Scouts of Richmond will respond generously to the appeal of the Scout executive to refrain from the stealing of barrels for Christmas bonfires, and that the example they set will be emulated by other boys throughout the city who are not members of the organization.

It is a stupid practice and a foolish, accompanied by obvious bad effects on the boys who are guilty of it, substantial annoyance to the householder whose receptacle for waste is "lifted" and real weakening of the city's hold on beauty and health. When the contents of the family trash and garbage barrel are strewn through an alley or over a street the result is neither pleasing to the eye nor agreeable to the sense of smell. Additional burdens are piled on the already overloaded shoulders of the Street Cleaning Department's emissaries in that neighborhood, and admirable facilities at once provided for the cultivation and dissemination of disease germs.

There is, however, an excellent way for the householder to save himself this special annoyance. If he would provide the metal ash and garbage receptacles that the city ordinances require, ambitious builders of bonfires would have to supply their wants elsewhere.

No Change for Football Classic

THE Wilmington Star, ambitious to see one of these old-time gridiron battles fought out right "down home," inaugurates a campaign to stage the annual football contest between the elevens of the two State universities alternately in Virginia and North Carolina. It is a pleasant thought—for Wilming-

ton and other North Carolina cities—but it is very unlikely to be realized in this generation.

So far as the next three years are concerned, the matter is decided already, the representatives of the universities having closed a contract for the use of Broad Street Park on Thanksgiving Day of 1915, 1916 and 1917. But that scarcely touches the meat of the controversy, if there is one. The games are staged in Richmond, as the Star itself recognizes, because the gate receipts here are larger in an enormous proportion than they could reasonably be expected to be anywhere else. Where in North Carolina could 15,000 persons be collected willing to pay from \$1 to \$1.50 to witness a football game? Let echo answer—or the Star, if it can find anything appropriate to say.

Moreover, the crowd is more nearly neutral here in Richmond than it would be in any North Carolina city. Not only are there thousands of native Tarheels who have become citizens of Richmond, but the Blue and White rooters are increased always by the alumni of Virginia institutions other than the university itself, whose amiable jealousies are manifested in a fervent hope that the Orange and Blue will be trailed in the dust.

No, the games are not likely to be alternated. They will be played here in the future as they have been played in the past—and for the same excellent reasons.

Is the Allied Advance Near?

PERHAPS the most significant piece of war news that has come recently from the western theatre refers to the landing of 1,000,000 additional British troops, for the reinforcement of the armies commanded by General Joffre and General French. If this report is authentic, it indicates that the long-expected and long-deferred advance of the allied forces will take place within the next week or ten days.

Whatever is the whole truth of the situation in Poland, East Prussia and Galicia, it is certain that the advance of the Germans toward Warsaw has been checked decisively and their armies thrown back. Whether it is an orderly and strategic retreat or a rout, time will show, but it is obvious that for General von Hindenburg to withstand the pressure of the Russian masses he must receive large reinforcements. These must be provided, for the loss of East Prussia would mean more to Germany than the capture and occupation of Belgium, and they must come from some of the armies now operating on the long battle line between the channel and the Swiss frontier.

When these reinforcements depart would be the time for the allied advance. Probably it will be preceded by a shortening of the German line, which involves also a retreat of the right wing back into Central Belgium.

A few days ago the allies seemed to expect a renewal of the recent desperate attempts of the Kaiser's forces, said to have been directed and insisted on by the Kaiser himself, to break through to the channel ports. To the lay observer, however, the time seemed opportune for such attacks, certain to be accompanied, as their predecessors have been, by enormous losses of life. If the hammer of the Grand Duke Nicholas continues to fall in the east, Germany will need all the soldiers it can spare to defend its own eastern frontier. It hardly seems a fitting occasion to reinaugurate an enterprise that in the past has met such decisive checks.

It is far more likely that the next offensive will be undertaken by the allied armies. The conclusion is supported by the landing of Britain's 1,000,000 men, who certainly would not have been sent to France unless they were intended for immediate use. Unless all signs fail, the western theatre soon will attract back to itself the eyes of the world.

Chicago Maidens Resent Maternalism

ALL is not well between the grandes dames of Chicago patrician society and the daughters of the working classes. And all because the great ladies aforesaid wanted to do good to their humbler sisters. The Lake Shore Drive felt it a charge on its conscience that Halsted Street should go unchaperoned. Therefore, Lady Clara Vere de Vere said to Molly Moloney and Freda Schmitzel and Yetta Goldstein and Hulda Petersen that henceforth the daughters of the stockyards nobility and gentry would attend the dances of the herd, to keep an eye on the proceedings so that the conduct of every one might be seemly, maidenly bosoms not too much exposed, masculine embraces not too crushing and the small talk somewhere near the standard that characterizes the elite on the shores of Lake Michigan. Not only were these invaluable services to be rendered by the princesses during the dance, but when the festivities were over, the working girls were to be accompanied to their respective homes—so that their ordinary escorts might not be taken out of their way and so possibly be late for work the next morning. All this for no other reward than that which comes from the sense of duty done.

Were the working girls overwhelmed by this gracious evidence of interest? Did they curtsy and stammer a grateful "Thank you, marm"? Alas! no! Blind to the possibilities of acute chaperonage held out to them by slender and well-mannered hands, they have had the unspeakable effrontery to demand information as to who is to chaperon the chaperons. They even go so far as to insinuate that the conversational interchanges at "society" functions might be better for a little sandpaper, that costumes at such affairs are not notable for what they conceal, and that Lady Clara herself frequently runs grave danger of suffocation by reason of the firm support she receives from her cavalier as they tread a measure. In short, Halsted Street beauty has told Lake Shore social superiority to mind its own heavily adjectived business.

Professor Jordan says that after the war Germany will attend to its own affairs. And the allies intend that those affairs shall be accessible without travel.

You are right, Mr. Caucasian Sheikh-ul-Islam, your Constantinople confere cannot declare a holy war. That is the exclusive business of the devil.

The killing of the antitrust poultry man would appear to indicate that New York is governed by efficiency experts and other gunmen.

Perhaps they wouldn't poke so much fun at him if Richard Croker had chosen the same bride during his Indian summer.

When they talk of so many millions of men under arms, they say nothing of their brethren under ground.

SONGS AND SAWS

Bound to Return. Gridiron is deserted. All its brave array, The muleskinners and the jerseys In campfor put away; We miss the clarion voices That we've been wont to hear— But patience, they'll be with us At football time next year.

Naturally. Grubbs—What makes you look so pale this morning? Stubbs—My daughter just joined a class in domestic science, and the cook became ill just before dinner time last evening.

Utilizing His Training. Private Smearke, who before he joined the colors, was in charge of the hatteroom in a New York hotel, has been able to put the talents he displayed in times of peace to excellent use in times of war. He can survey the approaching enemy, tell at a glance how much coin and currency each one carries, and thus pick out the higher officers.

Waiting Up for It. She (at 11:53 P. M.)—You haven't an early morning engagement, have you? He—No, Why? She—Oh, nothing. Only I thought perhaps you had, and were afraid to go home and to bed because you might oversleep yourself.

Uncommercial Paper. That distance lends enchantment May be completely true; Yet lovers, parted, still protest That tulle is L. O. U.

The Penitentiary Says. The best hope for Mexico is that it will get rid of all its alleged deliverers through the revolutionary process of elimination.

Fatal Flashes. Thin ice, Scored advice, Paradise. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pool afloat, Rocked boat, Wooden coat. —Houston Post.

Ignored bells, Flagman's yell, Immortelles. —Waco News.

Silly kid, Car skid, Glass lid. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Poets rhyme, Fate on time, Warmer climate. THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

The announced matrimonial intentions of ex-Doss Croker command the interest of the editor of the Covington Virginian. The wedding bells will ring for the former Great Sachem of Tammamby, but without a word of censure or approval from Editor Belme, who contents himself with indulging in levity. Here is a specimen excerpt: "And now he is about to marry an Indian princess. Let the innumerable descendants of Pocahontas scorn him if they like, but Ketaw Kalintucky, we are told, is the daughter of Princess Sequoyah, of Oklahoma, and so must be numbered among the F. F. C.'s." He jests at sars who never felt a wound. Why poke fun at Mr. Croker? A shining example of fortitude and resignation is he. Having abdicated the title of "boss" and having read a biography of himself, written by Alfred Henry Lewis, who alludes to him in that chaste literary work as a troglodite, Mr. Croker naturally doesn't care what happens next.

Editor George Greene, of the Clifton Forge Review, blew into town on the crest of the wave of gaiety that engulfed the State capital on Thanksgiving Day. He lingered and observed, "a looker on in Venice," as it were. Returning home, he wrote a half column editorial, in which are reflected his impressions. They are vivid impressions he gathered while sojourning, very vivid. They recall scenes in that obnoxious country of which the comic opera comedian sings:

"Take me to that happy land, where the River of Boozie is found; Where fiddle-strings ring in the air, highballs are rolling on the ground."

He writes: "At 1 o'clock in the morning the saloons apparently had the best day they have had in many moons. Aside from this, money was frantically waved in the air by all classes of men willing to bet any amount on the game that was played and won by the Virginians. Everybody seemed to have plenty of money." But enough of the picture. Suffice it to say, Editor Greene, always an optimist, employs that picture to illustrate an argument against the folly and futility of crying "hard times" when there are no hard times.

There is a depth of pathos in this beautiful sentimental expression by Editor Lindsay, of the Charlottesville Progress: "When the American Santa Claus arrives in Belgium he will, in most instances, find nothing but chimneys, and no firesides. We are depending, however, upon his traditional ingenuity in finding his way to the Belgian children." Here's hoping there is a way out of the painful necessity for telling the little folks of Belgium that old Kris Kringle has been slain in the war by the Germans.

Current Editorial Comment

Those who believe in the psychology theory of business conditions ought to find immense compensation in the government's latest 1914 crop statement, showing that the general effect of the United States this year produced crops valued at \$5,068,712,000. It means that the American farmer pockets for his year's work \$104,000,000 more than he did last year, despite the loss of \$18,000,000 to cotton planters on lint alone, as a result of the European war. This year's wheat and corn crops prove to be the most valuable on record, with wheat and apples breaking records for production and the potato crop next to the largest ever. No matter what folks may think of conditions generally, they cannot reasonably misinterpret the meaning of these facts and figures. In the first place, they mean that much new wealth for this country. Of course, the general effect of the great crops would be more apparent to us now but for the counteracting influences of the war. Yet, on the other hand, what if, with the war and its consequences, we had experienced a crop failure, instead of a record-breaking crop, in the country? Then we would have had cause for complaint.—Omaha Bee.

One of the peculiar features of the war in Europe has been the discovery that the old-fashioned earthworks proved better able to resist the great shells of the Germans than the modern concrete and steel fortifications. Among the forts at Antwerp was one, old one which contained little concrete or steel, its chief defense system being massive earthen barriers. Into these piles of solid earth the big shells of the Germans sunk only about a yard, while in the newer forts they penetrated twice that distance. It was also found that the damage caused by these shells was much less in the old than in the new forts. The explosion shattered the concrete in the new forts, while in case of the earthworks it simply made a shallow hole. It was found earlier in

the campaign that the modern fort was of little value when attacked by modern artillery. A single big shell demolished one of the forts of Liege, and the forts at Namur were wrecked by the giant projectiles with little delay. On the other hand, intrenchments which sheltered strong forces of infantry, protected by artillery, have proved a hard problem for the armies of both the Germans and the allies. In fact, the success of the French in preventing the Germans from invading France from the east has been due to the fact that the troops in the intrenchments along the hills have been able to keep the Germans away from the forts. In other words, the army has protected the forts. It is not likely that the day of the fort has passed, but certainly no nation will be so foolish as to place its dependence on forts of steel and concrete. It is always, not the castle and the fort, but the men.—Sacramento Union.

War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Nov. 30, 1864.)

There came last afternoon some startling reports or rumors of a vicious attack of the enemy on General Pickett's lines near Chester, or perhaps a vicious attack of General Pickett on the enemy. Both reports proved to be without foundation.

The report that General Roger A. Pryor had been captured by the Federals was confirmed yesterday. The report that he purposely put himself in a position to be captured has not been confirmed, and the people of Richmond and Virginia will not believe it until they hear something more definite. But, in the meantime, they are a little in doubt. General Pryor's recent conduct is certainly a matter of suspicion.

On the lines down the river and on all of the lines in front of Petersburg there was absolute quiet all of yesterday and last night, and, as for that matter, for the past two weeks.

Just as we go to press we hear a startling story from down the river. It is to the effect that the enemy in front of General Pickett's command put a new line of negro troops on the night guard, while the fine white fellows from the North enjoyed themselves in their comfortable quarters; that the Confederates caught on the situation and attacked these negro guards in the night time, killed nearly all of them and played havoc with the balance of the winter camp. The story lacks confirmation.

The reports from the Army of the Tennessee are meagre, rather too meagre for the comfort of the people who have loved ones in that far-away and dangerous place. The reports from the officials of the Confederate government, the Army of the Tennessee is no longer a thing worth talking about, and never will be again until General Johnston gets back in the saddle. Hood is a failure.

Sherman, so it is said, has issued an order that all of the houses in East Tennessee occupied by Confederate sympathizers be burned and the whole country devastated as far as he can see order things.

General Grant is said to be taking a rest and a holiday in Philadelphia. That he is taking much of a rest is not to be believed. The probabilities are that he is holding a conference there with Lincoln and some other high-up officials.

The mail steamer Webster from City Point reports that the steamer Greyhound, known as General Butler's "cow," while going down the river bound for Fortress Monroe, caught fire and was destroyed. Butler and staff, and also the Reverend Porter, were all on board, and it is said that they escaped. The Reverend Porter and all of the staff are to be congratulated, but Butler—why did not the good waves take him in their deadly embrace?

The Richmond Whig, copying after the fashion of the Yankee journals, announces an evening, Sunday, of going down the river. Mr. Pollard, a citizen of Hanover County, whose home was not more than eight miles from Richmond, was murdered night before last while sitting quietly in his home talking with his family. A musket was fired into the room through the window, and the same being aimed square at him, there could be no mistake as to the object of the man who held the musket; murder vile was his intent. Mr. Pollard fell to the floor, being pierced by the bullet from the musket, and in two hours breathed his last. Mr. Pollard's activity in catching deserters for the past six months accounts for the whole affair.

The Bright Side of Life

Something New. "What do you think of the Tennessee incident, Miss Fizzle?" "I never tried it. Is it anything like the fox trot?"—Buffalo Express.

Hard to Affect. Show Girl—"Has your feller felt the effects of Cupid's shafts yet, Queenie?" "Chorus Lady—"Well, not so badness. Rosemary. He afraid Cupid will have to use dumdlums on that guy."—Puck.

His Way. Popp—"Yes, Billingsley is one of the modest champions who never put themselves forward." "No," replied the other, "under a bushel, eh?" "Popp—"Under a bushel? No, under a tumbler."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lacking Energy. "Even of some folks knowed dar war was free 'possum farm in d' nex' wor'ld," said Trotter to "No," replied the other, "under a bushel, eh?" "Popp—"Under a bushel? No, under a tumbler."—Atlanta Constitution.

Utility. "Do you consider bass drums and cymbals genuinely musical instruments?" "No," replied the other, "under a bushel, eh?" "Popp—"Under a bushel? No, under a tumbler."—Washington Star.

Queries and Answers

Cards. Is it against the law in Virginia to play cards "for fun" in the lobby of a hotel or on the cars? The statute forbids the playing of cards, whether for stakes or not, in any public place. R. E. G.

Patent. Have I the right to make for my own use an article patented by some one else? M. L. S. You have not.

Recent Colnage. Please tell me whether the recent gold half-eagle with the large Indian head is considered to be "No. 1" or "No. 2" under a bushel, eh? It would depend on who does the considering. As a fact, the coin is artistically very poor.

Guns at Sea. There is statement that some of the guns now used in the war in Europe will carry eighteen miles. Would an object be visible at sea far enough to make such a range of service? T. R. H.

THE CATHEDRAL. (By Edmond Rostand.) "Deathless" is graven deeper on thy brow; (Ghouls have no power to end thy endless way.) The Greek of old, the Frenchman of to-day, Before thy riven shrine are bending now.

A wounded fortress straightway Beth prone, Not so the Temple, when its roof may fall. The sky, its covering vault, an azure pall, Doth droop to crown its wealth of hewerwork stone.

Praised to you, Vandal guns of dull intent! We lacked till now our Beauty's monument. Twice hallowed o'er by insult's brutal hand, As Pallas owns on Athens' golden hill, We have it now, thanks to your far-ranging brand!

Your shame—our gain, misguided German skill! —Translated by Frances C. Fay for the New York Times.

The Butcher Should Have Known Better

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WHY MOST PEOPLE ARE RIGHT-HANDED

Right-handedness, we are told by Dr. Felix Itegnault, in an article summing up the present state of knowledge on the subject, is simply a matter of the division of labor. The right hand is the hand of skill—of artistry—while the left remains that of mere brute strength. Division of labor is adopted in our evolution. The reason why the right hand has been chosen by nature to be developed in this direction is that the left side of the brain, which controls it, is somewhat better supplied with blood by the carotids than the right. But why this inequality in the carotid arteries? Apparently this, as Kipling would say, "is another story," and science is not ready to tell it. Writes Dr. Itegnault in substance:

"Animals are ambidextrous, because with them there is no division of labor, or very little of it. Man is right-handed because with him the division of labor is pushed to its furthest point. It is well known that certain people whose right arms have been amputated or paralyzed can educate their left arms and are finally able to use these as well as those that they have lost. It is also well known that certain professional pianists, for instance, or violinists, can execute very difficult movements with the left hand."

Dr. Itegnault declares he has never seen any "really ambidextrous persons. If we are to understand by this persons who use both hands for all purposes equally well and indifferently."

Those who say that ambidextrous persons are not rare, he says, call by his name left-handed persons who have learned in infancy to execute certain difficult acts with the right hand, such as eating, sewing or writing. But these are not persons who have spontaneously when they execute natural difficult motions, such as throwing a stone at a mark, etc. Moreover:

"It is not proper to say that a man is ambidextrous who has, with difficulty, learned to execute a single act indifferently with one hand or the other. I once knew a left-handed painter who had learned to paint with either hand. But no matter how skillful the movements of the left hand, the most delicate work is always reserved for the right. With musicians the left hand is the mechanical hand; the right is the artistic."

"Some physiologists have maintained that educators ought to try to make children ambidextrous. According to them, the uniform development of our two hands would contribute to make a whole part of the brain neglected, an organ capable of doing the work of civilization."

Does Different Kind of Work. "Now, we have seen that the left hand is not inactive, but does a different kind of work from the right. To force our children to be ambidextrous would be to oppose their natural development, which tends to the division of work—it would be to struggle against the universal law of the least effort, and to make them unskilful."

"Why does the child use his right hand generally for acts of skill, and why have the left-handed always been the exceptions? Dureau, the distinguished Egyptologist, tells me that the right hand has been used to eat with for over 6,000 years."

"To explain this preference, many theories have been advanced. Some authors have invoked the influence of imitation and education. Even the public opinion, which thinks little of the left-handed, regarding them as "sinister" and giving them a bad name. This is to take the effect for the cause."

"It has also been asserted that a child becomes right-handed because of the exceptions of Dureau, the distinguished Egyptologist, tells me that the right hand has been used to eat with for over 6,000 years."

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KING GEORGE'S ACTIVITIES IN THE WAR

[Correspondence of Associated Press.] LONDON, November 20.—The part which King George is playing in the war is pictured in the Daily Express as follows: "A continuous round of increasing activity, and a mastery of detail such as might alarm even a great financier, comprise the present daily routine of His Majesty the King."

"Often soon after 6 in the morning the King is busy in his study, and by the time his advisers and helpers appear he has conned the dispatches and documents of the early delivery, mastered their contents, and perhaps made numbers of marginal notes in readiness for the forthcoming conference."

"The very sight of the contents of the numerous dispatch boxes would intimidate most men. Admiralty, War Office, Home Office and India Office—all contribute their daily quantum, while from the government comes a tremendous amount of pressing business which cannot be settled without the King's sanction. In addition, the controversial matters have sunk into oblivion, and there are no difficulties of this sort to contend with."

"All the blue dispatch boxes are taken to the palace by the recognized special messengers of the various offices. Every box is fitted with a patent lock, to which only two keys are provided, one for the use of the King and the other for the minister or official from whom the box comes. Then there are the dispatches from the foreign powers—those from France and Russia being now particularly heavy—brought over almost daily by the "silver greyhounds" or King's messengers; and last, but by no means least, the momentous and weighty dispatches which are continually arriving from the front, supplementing the many cipher messages from the commanders of the navy and army."

"The double doors of this apartment are kept locked, and, with the corridor approach, are guarded night and day. The exact position of all war craft, with names of vessels and gun complement and other details, is shown on one plan, while another shows the seat of war, with trenches, forts, towns and disposition of all troops, clearly designated."

"His Majesty is also extremely solicitous as to the creature comforts of his fighting forces, and, making constant inquiries as to the supply of food, clothes and the little extras that go to the maintenance of their health and spirits. The slightest hint to any special article of apparel is accepted, and His Majesty's admirable reply, when anything outside the scope of the admiralty or War Office is named, is: 'I will tell the Queen.'"